

Stranger Things Have Happened by 1The_Quiet_Samurai1

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: (Even the kids), Do I really need to put a tag for swears? This is Stranger Things they swear like a lot, F/M, Gay and Bisexual characters, M/M, There may be OOC-ness but I'm not sure this is just a heads up, Will's dog is a good bro, abuse!

Language: English

Characters: Basically the main characters, I also don't know if the Byers' dog has a name either, Troy (Stranger Things), Troy's bully friend is named Brendan I don't know if he has an actual name in the show, Will Byers

Relationships: Implied Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Implied Joyce Byers/Jim Hopper, Will Byers/Troy (Stranger Things)

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Summary:

I fee like the phrase "just go with it," should be the slogan for fanfiction websites everywhere.

Well someone had to:

1.) Make Troy a little less two dimensional.

2.) Make Will a little more badass.

Oh just go with it!

Stranger Things Have Happened

Will Byers biked home after hanging out with his friends after school. He frowned as he pulled up to the house though. It had seemed like a normal day, but, maybe it wasn't. Because there was an extra bike leaning against the house. Jonathan didn't have a bike, and if he did it wouldn't be the same size as his bike, it'd be bigger. That meant that some kid had biked here. But who? Will was just with the only friends he had. He was pretty sure that Jennifer Hayes didn't bike anywhere, unless she rode with someone? Will knew that she has had a crush on him for a while- for *some* reason. But aside from his friends, Will wasn't sure who else it could be. His bullies sure as hell wouldn't try anything at home in case his family was there to defend him.

He got off of his own bike and put the stand down. Cautiously he walked towards the front door to see-

Troy.

Seeing him, Will instantly went into defense mode. "What are you doing here?" he asked. He only half regretted his tone though when Troy suddenly sniffed. Will realized that Troy was crying. Or had been crying. There were no current tears, but his face was red. It was then that Will noticed his face wasn't just red, he was getting a black eye. It looked like it hurt. Troy hadn't said anything in the past few seconds, and hadn't even looked at Will. The other boy swallowed and blinked rapidly, probably trying to stop tears from falling.

Will knew the feeling. He'd been kidnapped by some weird monster that had a mouth for a face, into an alternate dimension or something. He was out after about a week thankfully, but that hadn't stopped nightmares or panic attacks from happening though. It continued for about a month or two and Will suddenly realized one day that, if he could face that, he could face anything in their world. Meaning bullies, tests, or anything that he feared before. It just wasn't scary anymore. That made everything better. He still had a nightmare once in a while, but the panic attacks had stopped. He even told his mom and brother, and they were so proud of him. He helped himself almost on his own. He still talked about things with

his family though, just to get it out. It helped too.

He began to worry when Troy still wasn't saying anything though. He just stared down at his hands that were clasped together on his knees. He was shaking slightly. Will's defense mode turned off as he slowly walked over and sat beside him. Something was seriously wrong, and Troy wasn't talking. Yet. Will would get him to talk soon if it was the last thing he did.

"Was it Brendan? Did he punch you or something?" Will asked. Troy shook his head no.

"N-Not him." Troy's voice was shaky, and surprisingly just barely above a whisper. Will had never seen Troy like this before. He was always, confident, out-going, (a bully,) and spoke his mind. Now he was the complete opposite. Like, he took a trip to the Upside Down, and switched with an alternate version of himself. The other boy tensed up all of a sudden. "I-I'm sorry-" Troy was apologizing for something. It was strange, because the Troy he knew never apologized unless it was to a teacher, the principal or other adult. "I-I shouldn't h-have come here. I-" He stopped when Will gently grabbed his wrist. Troy had shifted like he was about to stand up and leave. Will wouldn't allow that until he talked about what happened.

"Why did you come here of all places?" he asked carefully. "Why not Brendan's or another friend's place?"

Troy hesitated. "I-I...I don't know. I just... I guess this is the last place he'd look for me." Will frowned, and suddenly something dawned on him. He didn't want to make any assumptions, but there was really only was option left.

"Troy..." this time Will hesitated, "are you hiding from your dad?"

Troy swallowed but didn't respond.

That's when Will told him about his father. "You know... my dad, the reason that my parents divorced is because my dad is crap. He has a drinking problem, and he smokes, and he never put much effort into the family. They never told me this, but I overheard Jonathan talking to his friends. Apparently he hit him when we were younger. I wasn't

home at the time.” Troy still didn’t look at him, but Will knew he was listening. “My mom threw a kitchen chair at him and kicked him out when that happened. The chair hit him dead on, he got a scare from that on his cheek where it cut him.” Will smiled a little at the thought of his mom being a badass. That alone had helped Will with his fears and anxiety about the Upside Down. “She’s always so strong. She doesn’t care what other think about her.”

Troy was silent for a few seconds, and glanced down at Will’s hand still on his wrist. He breathed in deeply. “M-my mom travels because of work so she’s almost never home. She freaks over a broken nail, and always has to ‘keep up appearances’.” He swallowed. “M-my dad was drunk when I got home. He usually doesn’t hit me, b-but...” Troy closed his eyes, and Will watched him carefully. He gently squeezed Troy’s wrist. “H-he found out about my grades a-and flipped. I just... ran. I got on my bike because I knew I’d be faster that way. I didn’t know where I was going until I came here. I just- I had to get away.” That’s when the tears came.

Will let go of Troy’s wrist and put his arm around his shoulders. He held his hands with his other hand. The two of them were silent for a minute or so, the only sound being Troy’s quiet sobs, and the wind in the trees. After a while, Troy calmed down a bit, and the tears lessened.

“Hot chocolate always makes me feel better, want some? My mom and brother are working so they won’t be home until later.” Will said softly. Troy gave a small nod and sniffed. The two of them stood up and went inside. Their large furry white dog instantly came bounding over barking, and its tail wagging behind him. Will laughed.

“That’s Gandalf. He always comes to say hi to the new people.” Will smiled fondly and petted Gandalf, who began to sniff curiously at Troy. “He always makes me feel better too.” Will smiled when Gandalf made a noise equivalent to a whine, and stood on his hind legs and licked Troy’s chin. The dog noticed the boy’s distress, and wanted to comfort him. Troy petted him while Will got the hot chocolate ready. Will glanced back to see Troy giving a small smile when he petted Gandalf. That was good, he was smiling. Will smiled himself and brought the warm mugs to the kitchen table. They sat in a surprisingly comfortable silence as they sipped their drinks. Troy

absentmindedly still petted Gandalf when the dog rested his head on his lap. He winced suddenly and Will remembered his eye.

“Oh, yeah. Does your eye hurt? Do you need ice?” he asked. He stood up and started heading for the freezer door.

“Um... it hurts a little...” Troy said quietly. He wasn’t stuttering anymore, and his voice was even, but it was still so quiet. Troy reached up subconsciously and touched the sore eye. He winced at the pain, and thanked Will for the ice pack.

“You can stay over this weekend if you don’t want to go back home, it’s Friday so my mom won’t mind.” Will said as he sat back down. Troy seemed confused.

“Why are you doing this?”

Now Will was confused. “What do you mean?”

“This, being *nice* to me? Letting me stay here, getting me ice. I sure as hell *don’t* deserve it!” Troy said loudly. Gandalf made a small noise and nudged his side. Troy petted him a few times and sighed. “Not after everything I’ve done to you and your friends. I’m sure they told you everything that happened when you were gone that week.” he said quietly. Will frowned and looked down at his mug.

“Yeah, they did. But I’m not that person that just lets someone rot in despair and die inside, never seeing the light of day.” Will paused. “That was unintentionally morbid. Sorry. But you get my point. It’s just in my nature to help people. Besides, I know why you did those things. You were trying to hide the truth. That doesn’t make it *right*, but I can forgive you for it.” Another pause.

“Also they told me about how you peed yourself in front of the entire school so... we’re good.”

Troy’s face went bright red, and he slammed his head against the table. Gandalf moved so he wouldn’t get squished, and huffed. Troy groaned and Will snickered.

“I don’t even know what that *was*!” Troy’s voice was muffled by his arms. “I didn’t even have to go! That wasn’t me!”

Will had to laugh. "If you know some other twelve year old guy that wet himself in front of a huge crowd of kids, I'd like to know about it." Troy just grunted in response.

"It's been almost a half a year, and they *still* laugh about it. Every time I go up to the front I see them whispering! Brendan didn't even hang around me for three weeks after that. I'm just glad my parents didn't find out."

Will frowned, and suddenly wanted to make him feel better. "Maybe it just got triggered when Mike pushed you down or something." But he knew the reason. Eleven had used her powers and somehow controlled him. It was revenge for him and his friends. Awesome revenge of course, but Will kind of felt bad for him now because... well... It was in front of the *whole* school! It had to have been humiliating for him! But Troy didn't know about Eleven or the Upside Down, so... he had to come up with another reason.

Troy groaned again, finally lifting his head. The redness in his face had mostly disappeared but he was still a light pink. It looked cute... Will's eyes widened slightly and he felt his own blush appearing.

Stop it Will, you can't think like that. It's wrong.

"If you need help with a few classes, I can help you."

Troy still seemed confused as he stared at Will. "Y-You'd do that? For me?"

"Yeah. Why not?" That seemed to be the wrong thing to say, as Troy then frowned and the table seemed much more interesting that Will. Gandalf whined and gently nudged Troy. "Hey," Will said softly, "my friends might not forgive you for a while, but I will."

Troy sighed. "I just..." then he looked at the other boy.

"Did-did you just make a pun out of your name?"

Will blinked.

"Maybe."

Troy snorted and gave a small chuckle. "Oh man, is this what I'm going to have to put up with?"

"Hey, you laughed. I call that a success!" Will laughed and nudged him with his shoulder. "We can go over the school work this weekend if you want."

"I uh- I kind of left my stuff at home. I just took off." Troy sheepishly looked down at the table.

"Hm..." Will frowned and the two sat in silence thinking about it.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

"This is so stupid." Troy muttered. They were standing in his backyard looking up at Troy's bedroom window, with Troy's bike leaning on a tree standing by in case of an emergency. That emergency being Troy's drunk dad.

"Agreed. You know, I feel like logic should be hitting us in the face right now, but it's all blurry due to the sugar in the hot chocolate and rage." Will said as they stared up at the house. Troy looked at him.

"Rage?"

"Nobody hurts my friends." Will said honestly, and he couldn't decipher the look on Troy's face. It was a mix of awe, disbelief and... something else. Troy then cleared his throat.

"Just, follow me and we should be fine. I've done this before, it's easy." Troy said. The two boys climbed up the tall fence at the side of the house. Troy hoisted himself onto the roof and pulled Will up after him since Will was smaller in size. Will crouched down so that he was balanced. He carefully leaned over and Will could tell- he really has done this before. But that wasn't on his mind. Troy turned around so that he was facing the house, and carefully lowered himself down until he was hanging outside of the window. He opened the window, and pushed the screen. The screen fell down and made a soft thud on the carpet. Troy hooked his feet over the sill and climbed into his room.

"I'll grab you." he said as he leaned about half way out. Will nodded

and proceeded to do the same thing he just did. He lowered himself down slowly, and Troy wrapped his arms around his waist. He gently placed Will on the floor. Troy appeared to be gentler than Will had initially thought. Or maybe it was because Will was basically a stick figure, and it seemed like he would break at any moment. They stayed silent for a few seconds as they stared at each other. Will subconsciously noted how comfortable he was in Troy's arms.

"You didn't have to come..." Troy whispered.

"Yes I did. We're in this together. And we're gonna get you out of this." Will smiled.

Again, he couldn't decipher the look on Troy's face. Odd. He was usually good at reading people...

"How often is you dad like this?" Will finally asked, in a hushed tone as Troy's dad couldn't know they were there. Troy swallowed.

"Often enough..." Troy whispered. If Will hadn't been so close to him, he might not have heard it.

A smash from downstairs jerked them apart and they looked at the closed door.

"My bag is downstairs. Ready?" Troy asked.

"Ready as hell. Let's do this."

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

"That was so stupid!" Troy shouted as they rounded the corner of Mirkwood towards Will's house. Will sat on the back of the bike, holding onto Troy's shoulders. Troy's backpack was on Will's back, seeing as that made it easier to stand behind Troy.

"Agreed! You know logic is hitting me in the face right now, we could have just worked off of my homework! We *literally* have the same teacher." Will laughed.

"Damn it! We could have avoided everything!" Troy groaned. Will laughed again, still bursting with adrenaline. They rode up to the

house and hopped off of the bike. Troy pulled Will in for a tight hug, catching the smaller boy off guard. "You were amazing. I didn't know you could even *do that!*" Troy said as they pulled apart, but were still holding each other, and still smiling widely.

"Thanks." Will said.

ONE HOUR LATER

"So... the answer is one?" Troy said, though it was more like a question. Will practically beamed.

"Yeah! See, I knew you could do it." Will clasped a hand on Troy's shoulder. Troy groaned in frustration.

"Math is stupid! All of that work and the answer is freaking one!" he said as he ran a hand through his hair. Will caught himself staring and quickly looked away.

Jeez Will, what's gotten into you? It's just Troy!

"*But*, you got there without my help." Will said, letting go of Troy's shoulder and taking a sip of water. The two of them had been going over the work for the past hour. Just working on the things that Troy was having trouble with, and Will was helping him understand. It was going well so far. Gandalf perked up when the sound of Jonathan's car pulled into the driveway. Troy became tense.

"Hey, it'll be okay, we'll just, explain to them what happened." Will said reassuringly.

"Will I can't end up in one of those homes, I *can't!*" Troy whispered harshly. The fear radiating from his eyes was enough to make Will's heart clench.

"I'm not going to let that happen, I *swear* Troy." Will looked up at the sound of not only Jonathan's laugh, but Nancy and Steve's as well. This had been a reoccurring thing ever since Will disappeared. Will was happy that his brother had finally managed to make some friends. The three of them walked through the front door and Gandalf barked happily in greeting. Jonathan bent down and briefly petted him before noticing the boys.

“Uh, hey Will... what-uh-what-” Jonathan stutters as he stares at Will’s face, then Troy’s.

“What the hell happened to your faces?” Steve bluntly asked, earning a slap from Nancy. Steve flinched appropriately because Will had seen Nancy angry before, and it isn’t pretty.

“I can explain that... but can we wait until mom and Hopper come home?” Will asked, looking sheepish. That would give them more time to figure out how to explain everything without anyone freaking out too badly. Jonathan is quiet, so Nancy answered for him.

“Uh, that’s probably fine. Right Jonathan? Jon. Jonathan.”

“Jonny?” Steve tried. Will’s brother had apparently been shocked into silence. “Jonny Boy? Hello?” Steve poked his face. Nothing. Weird.

Gandalf barked.

Jonathan jumped at the noise, and glanced down at the dog before responding. “Uh, yeah. Yeah sure. We- we’ll just- room.” He said making a vague gesture towards the staircase. The expression on his face made it seem like he was confused about something, but his friends led him towards the stairs and they disappeared. Gandalf let out a sound that strangely sounded like a scoff. He trotted back to Troy and rested his head on his lap again.

“They’re weird.” Troy said after a few seconds.

“Yep.” Will replied. Troy turned to him suddenly worried again.

“So what are we gonna say? Your brother doesn’t like me.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll figure something out. And he doesn’t like it when I get hurt. Not since I disappeared. Which, if we’re going to be friends, I should tell you about.”

“You don’t have-”

“Nah it’s fine. I’m over it now, don’t worry. Plus, it explains why there’s a freaking hole in the front of our house.”

"I wondered about that, but it wasn't really my business so..."

"Well, now it will be. Okay so-"

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

"And that's why there's a hole in the wall." Will said. Gandalf whined as if he were remembering the events and didn't like it.

"I don't know how to react." Troy deadpanned as he stared at Will. Will shrugged. He figured that would happen. Either that or he would straight up just not believe it.

"You went to an alternate dimension."

"Yep."

"How the hell did you escape?"

"Turns out it's super easy to escape an alternate dimension when your brother and his friends kill the monster that took you in the first place."

"Oh."

"Yep."

The door suddenly opened and Joyce walked in with a few bags of groceries with Jim trailing in behind her. They stopped though once they saw the two boys. Will smiled sheepishly.

"Will, explain." Joyce said in a serious tone. She obviously knew who Troy was. Jim didn't say anything yet, but he had a stern expression on his face.

"Let me just call Jonathan down, he and his friends are here and we said that we'd tell them too." Will said quickly. Gandalf made a half whine half snort sound as he watched Will get up and head towards the stairs. Will called Jonathan, and the three teenagers came down. Everyone moved into the living room where there was more room. Will and Troy stood in front of everyone, while Jonathan sat in between Nancy and Steve on the couch, (Steve's arm is strangely

lounging behind Jonathan on the back of the couch,) and Joyce and Jim sat on the loveseat. Gandalf had placed himself in between the two pieces of furniture. The two twelve year old boys glanced at each other. There's a moment of silence as Will suddenly scrunches his eyebrows together.

"Should I call my friends and tell them too?" he asked no one in particular.

Gandalf barked.

"Yeah you're right, they'd want to know. We'll be right back!"

"Will!" Joyce called after him, but Jim calmed her down. They watched as Will led Troy out of the room to upstairs where Will's walkie-talkie laid on his bed. Gandalf followed them up the stairs, not wanting to be left out of anything. Will sat on the bed as Troy looked around the room, not knowing what to do, Gandalf sat in front of the bed expectantly.

"Mike, come in Mike, over." Will said into the device.

"Mike here, what's up Will? Over."

"Important news! Bring everyone-" Gandalf barked, "Over."

"Hi Gandalf! And roger that. Will bring all three, over and out!"

"A-are we sure about this, I mean what if- what if..."

"Troy, I'm telling you this as a friend. If you dwell on "what if's" you'll go insane." Gandalf huffed in confirmation, and Troy sighed. "Hey, it'll be alright. It might be rough at first, but things will get better. Trust me." Will said softly with a smile. Gandalf made a low whine in agreement.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The doorbell rang, and the others were making dinner, so Will, Gandalf, and Troy answered it.

"Will, explain." Mike said as he, Dustin, Lucas, and Eleven stared at

them. Eleven gave Troy the most menacing glare either of them had ever seen. Yikes. Troy took a step back. Gandalf barked hello to them, ignoring the sudden tension as he tends to do on occasion.

Needless to say that dinner was the most awkward thing any of them had ever experienced. For a big group get together- they were pretty tense and well, awkward. Eleven still gave Troy the death glare, and the other three boys just, didn't know what to do. The three teenagers were just plain awkward, more so than usual. Joyce and Jim kept glancing at each other hoping the other one would start a conversation. The only sound in the room was the sound of knives and forks against plates, chewing, and the occasional grunt from Gandalf as he ate his own meal. Joyce cleared her throat.

"This uh, this meal is nice. Thanks for help-" the phone rang interrupting her. "Ohthankgo- I mean the phone. I'll get it, excuse me." She left the table to go answer it. Jim stared at the now empty seat realizing that he's clearly the only one left that's capable of starting a conversation.

Shit.

The three teenagers kept glancing at Joyce, Jim, and each other. They had experienced awkwardness before- what with the three of them being awkward teenagers and all- but this was an all-new level of awkward. Gandalf barked gleefully as his meal was finished and placed himself between Will and Troy. Again, ignoring the situation at hand.

Will was beginning to think that his dog was just blissfully unaware of everything awkward and uncomfortable. He wished he had that superpower. Out of the corner of his eye, Will noticed that Troy was just staring at his food like it was the most interesting thing in the world. His face was also a bit red. Jim hadn't stopped staring at Joyce's empty seat- clearly his mind was too busy thinking of stuff to say (or thinking of ways to get revenge,) to move or do anything. Will tried not to catch anyone's gaze, so he also ended up staring mostly at his food, occasionally glancing at Gandalf.

Thankfully, dinner didn't last that long, and everyone was done eating. Jonathan and his friends did the dishes, while everyone

gathered into the living room again. This time, Will's friends took up the couch, them being small enough that everyone could fit, Joyce and Jim took the loveseat again, and Gandalf laid across Mike, Eleven, and Dustin's laps. The kids petted him, but stared at Will and Troy expectantly. The three teenagers came back from the kitchen, bringing two extra chairs, and Jonathan sat in the arm chair while the other two sat on either side of him. Will ignored the fact that Jon and Steve were suspiciously closer to each other than Jon and Nancy were. Will took a deep breath.

"Okay so-"

TWO-ISH HOURS EARLIER

"My bag is downstairs. Ready?" Troy asked.

"Ready as hell. Let's do this."

They quietly opened the bedroom door, and snuck downstairs. They saw Troy's backpack lying by the front door, and his dad lying on the couch. So far they remained unseen. They moved back upstairs to form some kind of plan.

"I'll go, I'm fast, and I can hide behind stuff." Will said, his voice just barely a whisper. Troy shook his head.

"It's dangerous. He could seriously mess you up Will."

"We don't have time to argue about this, clearly he can mess both of us up if he wanted to. I'll go. I'll be fine. What can go wrong?"

"Dude, literally everything can go wrong. Especially when you *say that!*"

"Like I said, the sugar and rage is blocking my logic."

"*Fine.* Just- hang on." Troy disappeared, and came back with a baseball bat. Will stared at him. "What? Just in case."

Will shrugged and they quietly stepped down the stairs. Troy's dad was supposedly asleep- Troy had said that most of the time he snored but sometimes he didn't. This could have been one of those rare

times he didn't. Or he could actually be awake. Will slowly crept along the wooden floor towards the backpack.

As luck would have it- Troy's dad opened his eyes just as Will made it to the bag and looked over.

Shit.

But, luck was half on their side because he only saw Will.

"You little shit, think you can break into my house?" Troy's dad wobbled off of the couch (he was still drunk off his arse,) and began to stagger towards Will. He had a bottle in his hand. It was empty, but it could still do some damage if used properly. Troy's dad punched Will in the face, and he got cut from the ring on his hand. *That's gonna be a bruise.* That's when Troy came up behind his father.

"Hey dad." he said with more confidence than he probably felt. He got ready to swing the bat, but his dad beat him to it and smacked the bottle hard against his head. Troy fell and almost hit his head against the wall, and cut his hand on a piece of broken glass. Most likely from the object that his dad smashed earlier. He looked up in fear when his father towered over him ready to beat him.

"Little f***er. I knew you were stupid, coming back is just proof of that! And that shrimp is what you brought for back up? That's even stupider!"

That's when Will leaped from the kitchen table and onto the man's back with the bat in his hands. It must have flown out of Troy's when he fell. His father wobbled when Will jumped onto him. He shouted a few colourful things as well.

"Well this *shrimp* faced uglier things than you bitch! You're nothing but a stupid drunk human that can't do shit!"

Will smacked the bat against the man's head.

The man fell forward and onto the floor unconscious. Will stood up and put the bat in Troy's backpack. Troy stared at him in awe. Will smiled and helped him up.

“I-I...” Troy stuttered.

And suddenly Will gasped lightly as Troy’s lips land on his- and they’re kissing. It’s inexperienced, and full of adrenaline (and a bit of anxiety-) but it’s sweet, and Will can’t help but smile and blush. Troy quickly pulled away realizing what had just happened.

“U-uhm- s-sorry- I-I just-” Troy stammered, bright red in the face. Will smiled widely and hugged him tightly.

“Let’s head back.”

“Yeah.”

PRESENT

“And that’s why our faces are messed up.” Will finished, holding the bat vertically in his right hand. The group stared at them with a few mouths open. Will conveniently left out the kiss- not knowing how they would react.

“I don’t know how to react.” Steve deadpanned.

Gandalf, annoyed that the petting had stopped, hopped off of the three kids and sat on the floor and barked. Still blissfully oblivious to the situation.

“Mouth breathers.” El said after a few seconds. Will thought about it and shrugged.

“Yep.”

“You knocked out a six foot tall grown man.” said Jim.

“Yep.”

“How in the hell did you manage to do that shit?” asked Lucas.

“Language young man.” Joyce said automatically.

“Sorry. How in the heck did you manage to do that shit?”

Joyce was about to call him on the swear word, but decided to let it

go.

“Turns out it’s super easy to knock out a six foot tall grown man when he’s drunk off his arse.”

“Oh.”

“Yep.”

There’s a beat of silence.

“Badass.” Dustin said with a smile.

“Language.” said Joyce.

“Sorry!”

After a while, the teenagers found themselves back upstairs, the kids were still in the living room with Gandalf, and Will, Joyce, and Jim went into the kitchen.

“So... Troy can’t really stay at home anymore, but we can’t let him go to a foster home.” Will said, once he got Jim and Joyce alone in the kitchen. Joyce and Jim frowned and glanced at each other.

“Hm...” Jim said thoughtfully. Will knew it was a tough situation, and that police officers needed certain things before taking kids away from their parents. But he couldn’t let Troy stay with his dad like that, and with his mom away most of the time... Will just wants Troy to be safe and happy.

“He can stay with us for now, but we’ll have to figure something out eventually.” Joyce said. Will smiled widely and looked over at Troy. He was obviously still getting used to El and her powers. She was doing some demonstrations again. Will had remembered to mention to the others that he had told Troy about the strange events of Hawkins, Indiana.

“Thanks mom.” Will said, and he hugged Joyce. He went over to the others to tell them the news. Joyce smiled at her son and Jim put an arm around her.

“How long do you think it’ll be before he realizes that we know?” Jim asked.

“No clue, Jonathan *still* thinks we still don’t know. It’s been almost half a year.” Joyce chuckled. “I’ve even dropped hints to both of them.”

Neither of them miss how close Will and Troy are sitting to each other, or the faint blush on their cheeks.

In the living room, the kids are all lounging in a circle on the floor-well, crescent, Dustin and Lucas were wrestling as usual. With Dustin winning by a long shot.

“Hey I wonder what the kids at school will think. I mean with the former bully and former victims suddenly friends.” Mike said absentmindedly as he watched Lucas suddenly slip out of Dustin’s grasp and get away. Will shrugged.

“Eh, stranger things have happened.”